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THE QUEEN.

God save the Queen! The hymn and prayer resounds throughout the world. It is echoed from a greater number of lips and hearts than any invocation or national cry since mankind began to band themselves into nations. Her name is beloved and revered, not only by her subjects, now numbering 350,000,000 people, but by millions in other nations, who, rightly reading the history of the time, know our Queen to be a lover of peace, and to be animated by the spirit of goodwill to all peoples. Millions of citizens of the United States, though owning the rule of an elected sovereign, will join the prayer for long life to the Queen, and are to-day almost as much interested as we ourselves in this jubilation for the longest reign in English history, and the longest reign of any noted sovereign of a nation prominent in the history of the world.

In the eloquent outpourings of love and devotion that will thrill through the tens of thousands of presses and pulpits this month, it is quite possible to exaggerate the personal power and the personal attributes of our Queen. Beloved though she is, we have to acknowledge that she is but human. She has no doubt made mistakes, and yet there has been no important crisis in the Empire's history where her judgment has not been guided by sound sense, and in no instance—God bless

her!—has her record been tainted by an expression of cruelty or oppression. Those who have read her "Reminiscences of Life in the Highlands," or her other books, must see internal evidence of a pure mind and simple life. Her spontaneous utterance when, as a young girl, she received the announcement that she was Queen of Great Britain—"I will be good"—was the natural expression of her heart's desire.

Now the remarkable thing about Queen Victoria's call to the throne is this: that if it had been a case of election by the people she would inevitably have been passed over. The nation would have fixed on some more striking and dramatic figure—not an inexperienced maiden of negatively good qualities, but a lady of some pronounced mental qualities with something of the dash of Queen Elizabeth. Yet, as our young Queen grew into a woman, it was seen that the very absence of those dashing and brilliant qualities was the evidence of a truer greatness. It was her common sense and that excellent balance of intellect that was to make her reign far outshine the glories of the age of Elizabeth. Time alone, in the ordering of Providence, could develop the high nobility of her character, forged in the fire of personal affliction, by bereavement, widowhood and all the moulding "changes and chances of this mortal life," through which she has passed. no plan of popular selection of a ruler could have brought about a reign so long and so glorious, or so abounding with mutual affection between ruler and

And so all hearts may join in the stirring anthem composed for this special occasion by a Canadian, the Rev. G. J. Low, of Almonte:—

A NEW NATIONAL ANTHEM.
O Lord, our God, to Thee
All praise and glory be,
Thy power we own.
For Thou hast heard our prayer,
Her life in health to spare,
For three-score years to wear
This Empire's crown.

To-day, throughout the world,
In every breeze unfurled,
Her standard's seen;
From India's coral strand,
From Afric's golden sand,
Resounds the anthem grand,
God Save the Queen.

And Canada that links
The two great oceans' brinks,
Repeats the strain.
To keep our own wide land
Part of that Empire grand
We'll work with heart and hand,
With might and main.

Her Empire's vast increase
In power, in wealth and peace,
Her reign has seen;
Of ev'ry race and creed,
From all oppression freed,
Her subjects ever plead,
God Save the Queen.